

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

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No. 7

Note and Comment

Theatrical conditions in the larger cities of Alberta are certainly improving when we have the opportunity of witnessing so delightful a play as "The Man from Home," which was greeted by large audiences in Edmonton and Calgary this week. The excellence of the company which had it in hand shows that other magnates than those of the financial and commercial world have their eyes on this part of the west. But reference is made to the production here, not with any idea of usurping the function of the dramatic critic.

It is the play itself that challenges attention. As a social study it is an admirable bit of work, quite in keeping with the reputation which its author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, has made for himself in another field, that of a novelist. Mr. Tarkington deals with familiar topics in plain, matter-of-fact fashion. The result is that his books always go through large editions and that his few attempts at playwriting have everywhere been most enthusiastically received.

One did not need to know Indiana, or Sorrento, to recognize the types which he presented to us. As Daniel Voorhees Pike reminded us, there are just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there are in Pekin. In our own towns we have all the weaknesses and all the virtues illustrated that Mr. Tarkington, with such deft workmanship, brings to our notice. That is why his play makes so universal an appeal and why it serves so useful a purpose in making us appreciate more than we have the innate worth that is to be found in those about us and to place less value on the artificialities and insincerities that, without thinking, we are apt to do honor to.

The truth of Pope's famous dictum that the proper study of mankind is man does not lessen as the world grows older. As society becomes more complex, we are more than ever interested in the way that men and women conduct themselves amid all its intricacies. It furnishes food for the gossip and best of material for the philosopher. This was forcibly impressed upon the writer of these lines, when in the midst of the election excitement in the old land, he picked up a copy of the London Spectator. It was full of discussion of current political issues. But we have had so much of that kind of thing that it wearied one even to look after the columns of bristling argument. In the midst of it all was an article on "Social Fearlessness." It had as much application to Edmonton as to London, as much fifty years ago as it had today. Yet it held the attention when those dealing with what are considered the big topics of the day couldn't get even a cursory reading.

"In the handicap of life," we were told, "social fearlessness is an immense advantage. It is almost the equivalent of birth. The strange thing is that it should be so uncommon. A small amount of reflection should encourage even the most ardent social coward. Society is the only place in which courage is actually a protection. Roughly speaking, no harm can happen to us if only we are not afraid. Intrepidity implies almost no risk. Yet how few of us can say to ourselves that our hearts have never sunk in a new social atmosphere, or that we have never lost our heads in the presence of those persons who cultivate the reputation of social greatness and dread. But there are a few men and women to whom social fear is unknown. We can all call to mind some such. They belong to many types and to all ranks of life."

Some of the socially fearless are, we are reminded, among the most lovable people in the world. They always seem to be in sympathy with their company. "They know how to disarm the world." As a rule, there is something in their attitude towards strangers which we can only describe as deference; but their deference, like that of children, lies very close to dignity. They pay it instinctively to every one, to rich and poor alike, as the best-mannered children pay it. They never, as we say, let themselves down; yet they seem always to be looking up. There is something in them of the very spirit of youth, and they have always the supreme charm of happiness."

Are there not a few such in Kokomo and in Edmonton, just as there are in Pekin and in Lon-

don? Does one's heart not warm to them without realizing just what it is that makes it do so? But there are others who are fearless only because they are thick-skinned. "Their notion of social intercourse is to answer when you are spoken to, speak when you have something to say, and ask what you want to know. On this principle they get through their social lives very comfortably, and on the whole they find society very pleasant and interesting. Any snub they may get they innocently put down to the ill manners of the snubber, and, for themselves, they never hurt any one, except by accident. Other thick-skinned persons are, however, nothing but a nuisance. No one can abate them. They always come where they are not wanted. They push themselves into every enclosure, no matter the reason of its reservation. They pay to all above them the sometimes unpalatable and always unwholesome compliment of constantly seeking them. There is a form of social brute courage which generally belongs to the most expert brain-pickers. They try to share in joys with which the stranger does not intermeddle and offer sympathy for sorrows which the afflicted persons were hoping they did not know. They are a ceaseless source of annoyance to strangers, and of shame to their intimates."

But there is another and a more dangerous and offensive class, those who are ill-natured and cruel. "For them, as a rule, social life is the whole of life. Not to know its minutest rules, or to ignore them by reason of other cares, is a crime, and the punishment of such a crime is sport. Nearly always they get on in the world, or one might say they have got on. Their arrogance is usually the outcome of success. Just now and then, when they have rendered a shy person desperate with fright they get a blow back which looks on hope they may really feel, but anyhow, they have too much courage to show it. Outside criminality, there is perhaps no study in the world so destitute of sympathy and judgment as the minute study of social custom, with all its ramifications and its bearing on social grade; and when it is attained there is no knowledge in the world so ephemeral and despicable. Yet to how many social strugglers it is the crown and seal of their triumph."

But the "socially fearless" get on in the world, as a rule, no matter whether they belong to the objectionable types or not.

"More of those flood-tides which lead on to fortune," concludes the Spectator, "are mislaid through social fear, we should imagine, than through any other single cause. Let their powers be what they may, few men, few laborers or princes, and no women, can afford to be without favor. How many people with courage to analyze their own failure must trace it to social fear. Can

social courage be cultivated? About as much, we imagine, as courage in any other form. Some men are born timid and some fierce, some fearful and some friendly. We cannot alter our nature; but, roughly speaking, the majority of those who have undergone drill and discipline not only do best at the moment of danger, but suffer least."

Those who know best, from personal experience, how true this is, will admit it the least readily. The "shy" man suffers agonies. He cannot conceal his lack of self-confidence from those whose eyes are of ordinary sharpness, but when questioned about it, he is sure to protest that he is always at his ease.

That so many careers of great usefulness are blocked because of this impediment, and that so many others rise to positions that they are in no way worthy of, simply because of what is more familiarly known to us as "pure nerve," is a matter of profound regret. The writer in the Spectator does not attempt to analyze what is responsible. But the subject is well worthy of investigation. It is undoubtedly a fault in upbringing. Go back in a shy boy's life and you will find that there has been some one in authority of whom he has been frightened. He has lived amid constrained conditions at home, or at school. Something has checked his natural boyishness and only those who know what a struggle it is to overcome this early weakness know what a crime the person to whom this influence may be traced has been guilty of.

We seem to have wandered some distance from the theme suggested by "The Man from Home." But not so far after all. What has been said has all a very direct bearing on what the play in question laid stress upon, that "a great man" is not necessarily one whose name figures most prominently in the newspapers, or on social registers, but he who has perfect confidence in himself and in his own motives and is not afraid to be "himself" no matter what company he is in. He accomplishes the most and both

secures and gives the greatest happiness that is possible to anyone, as he travels through the world.

Mr. C. A. Magrath, M.P., on the request of the Lethbridge Board of Trade, which took the same stand in the matter as did those in Edmonton and Calgary, wrote to the deputy postmaster-general regarding the question of closing the post office lobbies on Sunday.

"I may say," wrote that official in reply, "that all the larger offices throughout Canada, except

in the West, are closed on Sunday, and representations have been made to the Department by the Lord's Day Alliance to have the offices in the West closed so as to observe the Sunday law. Representations have also been made to the Department that if the lobbies of the post offices are kept open for box holders, it leads to stenographers and others, who should have a day's rest, being compelled to work. If you could find it convenient to call at the Department I would be pleased to discuss the matter with you. I might say that so far as I am personally concerned I am of opinion that no man should be asked to work on Sunday, unless there is necessity for it, and that it is both in the interests of the individual and the nation that this should be so."

Surely the Lord's Day Alliance will not stop with preventing box-holders from taking out their mail on Sunday. The letters which come in on the late train Saturday night cannot be attended to within business hours. What is to prevent unscrupulous people from answering them on Sunday? Why not close the post office at an early enough hour on Saturday to make it impossible to take their mail away? Or perhaps it would be better to seal the street letter boxes from Saturday night to Monday morning. This would make assurance double sure.

The Saturday News yields to no one in its desire to have Sunday a day of rest. But there is nothing that will sooner alienate the support of the average man from the efforts of the Alliance, than needless agitations such as this. No question of Sunday labor in the post office was involved. If other staffs are kept busy on Sunday, prosecute those responsible. To try to prevent this by taking away from the general public what is at times a great convenience is about as unreasonable a proceeding as has yet come under general notice. That the post office department should have heeded to the request in the face of the clearly expressed public sentiment of the western cities affected shows either carelessness in making enquiry or the poorest kind of judgment.

For fear some old countrymen, despite the weather we have enjoyed in Alberta, since early in December, are disposed to complain, it would be well for them to glance over the following dispatch which came from London at the first of the week:

"In many places the snow is twenty feet deep, and railway communication between England and Scotland has been suspended.

"Loch Lomond, the largest lake in Scotland, is frozen solid for the first time since 1892. The market in Preston, Lancashire, was closed. But one cart arrived, instead of the usual two hundred, the others all being held up by the storm.

"The isolation of the northern villages is complete, and telegraphic communication with them is almost impossible.

"The French schooner St. Mathurian was lost in the gale which swept the English Channel, and six of her crew were drowned.

"The barkentine Alphonse, from Antwerp, was wrecked on the rocks near Tynemouth, life boats rescuing the crew of nine.

"The schooner Four Brothers was found broken to pieces on the North Wales coast. Her crew were drowned. The steamer Monmouthshire, also from Antwerp broke from her moorings in the River Tees and was hurled against the river wall and smashed to pieces.

"These are but a few of the many reports of lost vessels, mostly schooners and small fishing smacks. The loss of life is certain to be heavy."

When Mr. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railroads, decided to transfer his talents to a sphere of narrower influence but larger pay, his action provoked the usual question: "Why is it that men of proven capacity so often leave the government service and devote themselves to private business?" There may be many reasons, but one is satisfactory to the vast majority of money-making people. "He was offered a bigger salary and would be foolish if he did not take it." But there may be a further reason when valued men leave the public service at the call of business. If they decided to repulse the alluring offers and to continue to serve their country, how would they explain their folly to people placing as high a value as we do on financial success? On grounds of patriotism? Come, come! You know that won't wash! Johnson defines patriotism to the

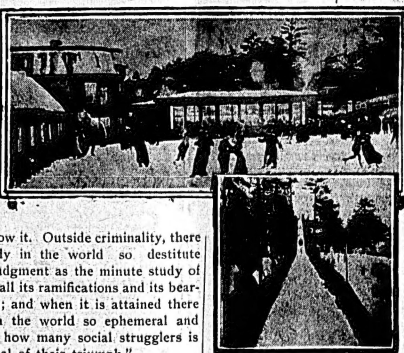
(Continued on Page Eight)

High Life in Paris



(Drinks in Gaitage Avenue.)

Winter Scenes at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.



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ON THE LUNETTA

Oh, the boat lights jig on the silver day,
And bow to the tropic moon:
The carriage wheels have stopped
their squeals,
As the band strikes up a tune;
Oh, the couples linked on the big
parade
Stand still; and light as foam
The soft notes blend to the eager end,
As the band plays "Home, Sweet
Home!"The war boats riding the harbor's
breast
Hang still on the highest swell;
And the Chink junks, too, have stop-
ped their slew
As the soft notes weave their spell;
The laughter stops in the barrack
halls,
And the sentries pause to hear,
As the old, old air comes sweet as
prayer,
With its bid for the silent tear.And the bright lights fade in a purple
mist
And the thoughts have gone astray,
While the bandmen play in a solemn
way
(For the band is thinking, too):
Ay, the bright lights fade on the
grand parade,
And the clattering words seem dead;
While faces grave turn to the wave
With a longing—left unsaid.The outposts hear on their lonely
watch,
For the evening air is still,
And the strains ride far as the near-
est star
That shines on yonder hill;
They carry away to the firing lines
By the city of green and chrome—
And a vague unrest stirs every breast
When the band plays "Home, Sweet
Home!"

—Alfred Damon Ranyon, in People's Magazine.

In New York at the present time in the Yiddish Theatre on the East Side, known as the Lipzin, a crude little play is running called "The White Slave." Each night as the curtain goes up discovering the home of a pious old Jew who spends the most of his time expounding his religion to his neighbors and warning them that earthly joys are not the only end of this life, the ticket-seller in the box-office solemnly takes out the sign "Standing Room All Used Up," and closes the entrance doors for the evening.

For the "White Slave" has caught on wonderfully well among the residents of the Ghetto, because it pictures for them something with which they are all familiar, the luring of their daughters from their homes on the East Side to take up a life of shame in the up-town district.

In the home of the old Jew, Reb Elijah, of whom I have told you, lives his daughter Eva, who supports the family, and is incidentally the heroine of the play.

Reb Elijah is naturally somewhat detached from the actual existence around him, which may account for his indifference to the means by which his daughter supports him. While he finds quiet and leisure to spend his life in the clouds taking no thought but of his religion, his daughter, Eva, the "White Slave," is up town supposedly at work "in the shop."

When the curtain rises on the first act there is a scene of life in the Ghetto. A young girl neighbor just home from work has taken refuge in Reb Elijah's living room, whither she is pursued by her mother.

"You shan't go to the dancing school," says her mother to the frivolous, gum-chewing blonde with her hair tied up in gay ribbons. "You must stay home. Look at your sister, who used to go to the dancing school every night. Look at her; where is she now?"

The girl laughs at her mother's concern and again the old woman reproaches her for her desire to go to the "dancing school, which sounds in odd company as the English words pop suddenly out of the Yiddish text. "I want to go to see my fellow (fellow also is English). He's there every night."

The mother laments that this is what life in America makes of good Jewish children when they are brought here. Then she asks the girl why she came home so late the night before. "Over-time," mockingly answers Jennie, who is the daughter of a cantor and his orthodox wife.

Then follow in quick succession sev-

eral scenes that alternately shift from the girls' homes in the Ghetto, to the up-town district, that mysterious place whence come pretty dresses and jewelry and all sorts of beautiful things for girls who work "overtime." Ever in the background in each of them hovers the figure of one "Plavke," a white slave dealer, who in the end by threats of telling Eva's father of her life of shame, brings about her complete ruin, and also her suicide, by means of morphine.

It is a common, cheap little story if you will; nothing extraordinary. We know such things are going on every day—in Alberta, right here in Edmonton. But one or two features of it strike me as being worthy of consideration.

Reb Elijah dreaming, and ignorant of how his daughter is making her living; and the reference to the dance halls, and the parents' reliance on their daughters' excuses for not returning home at night.

There is such a thing in life as being too trusting, and a time when absorption in religion becomes positively criminal. I have known scores of so-called good men and women so wrapped up in religion and its arguments that they couldn't see that their own sons and daughters were traveling the sure road to destruction. They took their word for it that they were here, and that they never went there, and let it go at that. Not enough interest to even investigate who they associated with; out at all hours of the night, and little questioning as to the necessity.

The play should also be a lesson to girls who want to go to dancing halls and similar cheap places of amusement.

In Edmonton we have many young foreigners, who have found, to their cost, what comes of patronizing these gilded bells. Wine, women, and then I think it should be written, the Swan Song, for that is what it means, the end of everything worth-while, to girls who ever take the first step.

If girls would only use the reasoning power the good Lord has given them, they could, need to argue long to convince themselves that men are not as a rule so generous as to lavish presents and money where they have no expectation of return, and that so-called "offs" or "swells" do not consort with girls beneath them in social standing, for any good purpose. I might add that in addition to frequenting low-class dance halls, positions in all night restaurants, cafes of any kind, and even high-class hotels are other employments the discriminating parent would do well to see that their daughters steered clear of. Such additional wages as may accrue from such situations are dearly paid for very often, as you may corroborate if you would question some of the hospitals and charitable association officers.

It isn't a nice remark to make, nor edifying in any sense, but the example set by some of the men and women who employ labor, is hardly such as to serve as a model for their employees to pattern themselves by. Only this week I heard two maids conversing about some people, well-known to me, whose conduct would serve equally well for the basis of a play with a moral, as did the story of Reb Elijah and his daughter for the patrons of the Lipzin Theatre.

No longer will the name "Four Hundred" carry with it any great weight, or arouse in the hearts of the socially ambitious, in New York and elsewhere, the very slightest pang. For the days of the Four Hundred regime are numbered, are almost as a tale that is told, and in its stead has arisen a new exclusive coterie, supposedly composed of intellect in place of money, and its name is the "Assembly Set" and it numbers one thousand of the most cultured families in the United States.

At its head is said to be Mrs. Taft, mistress of the White House, and the aim of the new All-Powerful ones, is to do away with the snobbish rich, whose narrow-mindedness, mental stidity, and wrong-headed exclusiveness since Mrs. Astor relinquished her leadership of it, has become proverbial.

A great number, in fact the large proportion of the late Four Hundred, will not brush opera-cloaks with the new regime, because, boldness of boldness, they have not been asked to become members of the new "Set." I am delighted to note that in the

list, however, are the names of five editors and their families. Since last week, hearing Mr. Travis-Barker's remarks, I began to doubt my profession was a very respectable one, after all.

Of course there will be a terrible howl and women will go into hysterics, the air will reek with such epithets as "cat," and "snob," and "mink," and the like, but there it is, the reign of the Four Hundred is over, vive the Assembly Set!

As yet these things are only whispered, and one half of the 'Almighty Four Hundred' is kept busy speculating as to whether, under new conditions, the other half will live, but it may be months before many will realize their social ostracism, because Mrs. Taft is a diplomat.

The great Society Revolution in fact, has been conceived and carried out very seriously. The new members will meet "at the big 'Rills'" such as official state functions which families in public life must give, but its musical parties, dinners, dances, and garden parties, will in future be strictly limited to the list of families forming the "Assembly Set." That there will be "doings" as a result of this bold move goes without saying. One may be very sure that the late rabid society leaders will not give in without a struggle.

A little revolution in Edmonton mightn't do any harm. Just enough of a one to keep some women who have forced a way in, and whose subsequent actions have been a source of a good deal of scandal, in a set of their own, while there would be a good many degrees further up, an Assembly Set, noted for their good manners, their cultured tastes, and their exclusiveness when it came to tolerating certain things.

And, my dears, there were fashions in election gowns, and it please you! I wonder if now we have come to the bottom of the women's interest in obtaining the suffrage?

In handsome Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire's day, she bought her votes with kisses, to-day a smart and becoming garb is said to be more effectual.

The proper wear, I understand, in these electioneering frocks during the recent campaign, was a Russian tunic costume. The skirt cut away short, and the coat fastening all over the chest at the left side, bordered with fur. The party colors were then introduced in the braiding of the coat and the hat, which was one of the fashionable close-fitting toques.

Scarlet, green and white, the newly chosen colors of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, were worn by its 20,000 members. Purple, white and green, the now familiar colors of Miss Christabel Pankhurst's followers, appeared in the Suffragette toilettes. Green, white and yellow an-

nounced the presence of the Women's Freedom League.

The pretty vieux rose and green favors of the "Addressed" Franchise League, another color note, and the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, added to the confusion which the rose, black and white which had already been represented in their toilettes at gatherings of the league.

I could have sworn that dress would have become mixed up in some way with this, or any other movement inaugurated by women. They can't help running to it. But to think of votes being corralled by the mere spell of a Russian tunic. I think we have degenerated since Georgina's days, don't you?

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

The production of "Twelfth Night," during the past week by an Edmonton company gives additional interest to a story recently told by J. E. Dodson, of Adelaide Neilson.

"I was playing at the Princess Theatre in Manchester," said Mr. Dodson, "when Miss Neilson opened there. It was one of the most beautiful theatres in the provinces and, strangely enough, was managed by an American known as 'Boston' Browne. Miss Neilson opened as Viola in 'Twelfth Night.' We had a new heavy man who was always notoriously imperfect in his lines. On this occasion he was the Duke Orsino. The principal scene of Miss Neilson's was with this actor, in which occurs the familiar speech beginning, 'She never told her love.' As usual the actor was imperfect and so imperfect was he that he cut her out in such a way that with all her ingenuity she had to leave these effective words unspoken. At the fall of the curtain she came off the stage in a fury, but before she had a chance to speak to anyone, there was a call from the audience and the curtain was held back by the call boy, ten or eleven years old, while she went to the front of the stage with her set smile to bow her acknowledgements. I stood in the wings and witnessed one of the most amusing performances I have ever beheld on or off the stage. Backing off with the smile yet upon her face, the only person she encountered was the little boy. Instantly her face grew livid with rage and she vented her wrath upon him for the want of any other subject. 'Did you see that man? Did you see that fool?' she fairly shrieked, doubling up her fists and pounding the air. 'Did you see that from the audience, and the smile was gone!' Then there came another call from the audience, and the smile was made. Back she came and over again her fiery questions and over again to the boy, the only interruption coming when she responded to the repeated calls of the delighted audience. She ended by declaring, 'That man goes in the morning!' The poor boy was bewildered and looked as though in some way he was responsible for the inefficiency of the support.

Miss Neilson was one of the few instances of a successful actress educated for the stage by the forcing process.

In the following letter to the Woodstock (Ont.) Sentinel Review, a piano manufacturer, Mr. James Hay, makes some serious charges against musicians.

The writer on account of his connection with the organ business, becoming acquainted with its operations, also having received certain information from Mr. C. S. Warren in the same connection, makes the following statement in confirmation of a previous letter.

That some manufacturers have been, and are in illegal collusion with prominent men connected with the musical profession, whereby manufacturers secretly grant favors or payments for recommendations for work in this connection. They arrange with some organists and others who have the purchasing under their control, for secret commissions, which amounts they add to the price of the organ, without the knowledge or consent of the purchasers, said amounts to be paid when

the organ is accepted and paid for, and frequently, the man who receives the honorarium is the judge of the suitability of the organ.

This is done by a carefully and deliberately prepared article for doing indirectly what cannot very well be done directly and means that stealing is made a legitimate business.

While there may be legitimate, as well as illegitimate payments, the real gravamen of the charge is its secrecy. The result follows that young people who are being educated for the musical profession feel that it is right to get a "rake off" on any musical instruments or sheet music, they may recommend, and the results are harmful, both to the public and to the profession.

Frankly, when one admits of less than half a dozen cases in twenty years, I suggest that on continued inspection, extended more than 24 hours, one will possibly find that he is mistaken in the number of cases. We are told—the most difficult honesty in this world for a man to practise, is to be honest with himself when he has done wrong or may desire to do so.

In this splendid young and growing country there is plenty of room for all who do fair trading on proper lines, but there is no room for the unscrupulous who wish to introduce and practise methods in church organ purchasing more reprehensible than the obsolete custom of a virulent race track.

After making some comparisons between the pantomimes of the present and those of other years, a writer in the London Daily Mail says:

"And all these old pantomime comparisons remind me of a book that came under my notice a good many years ago. It was the Life of Terris, the admirable melodramatic actor. It struck me then how curious a product melodrama was. Here you had an audience assembled night after night, month after month, year after year, and play after play—practically witnessing one drama, repeated ad infinitum, with trifling variations. For if one thinks of it there is only one melodrama, and the plot of it was constructed some thousands of years ago. The 'motive' is called by the folklorists the 'Exile and Return' theme; you find it exemplified in the old tale of Perceval, who was eventually made into one of the Knights of the Grail. In the first act—if one may use this term in connection with age-old stories—the hero is dejected, cast down from the height of bliss and worldly prosperity to the depth of poverty and woe. Acts II and III tell us of his struggles and adversities, his broken and doubtful and adventurous career; and the last act shows him restored to more than his former magnificence and happiness, with every wish of his heart gratified and his blushing bride beside him. This is the melodrama recipe, and the point I wish to make is this: that however 'new and original' the play, the Adelphi audience were, in reality, familiar with the whole plot before the curtain went up on the first night. Mr. Terris might be in the army or the navy, he might be a young squire, he might be a young cowboy; for all I know he might be a young poet—though this supposition is a little extravagant—but, in any case, the people in front knew that after a fair start he would be suddenly and terribly cast down, and that, after many great deeds and dread adventures, he would come to his own again. Details differed, but the main lines on which every piece ran were ascertained and familiar."

WINNIPEG'S 19 MILLIONAIRES

The Telegram Enumerates Them and Tells how They Made Their Money

The Winnipeg Telegram has just made a careful investigation and has come to the conclusion that there are nineteen millionaires in that city. The list, which contains some names that will cause surprise to most outsiders, is as follows, being alphabetically arranged:

J. A. M. Atkins, K.C.
W. F. Alloway.
J. H. Ashdown.
N. Bawlf.
Edward Brown.
D. C. Cameron.
D. S. Currie.
E. L. Drewry.
C. Enderton.
Rev. C. W. Gordon.
E. F. Hutchings.
W. C. Leistikow.
J. D. McArthur.
Rod. McKenzie.
Sir Daniel McMillan.
A. M. McNichol.
Alex. Macdonald.
A. M. Nanton.
Capt. W. Robinson.
Mr. Atkins, in addition to being a very successful lawyer, has made extensive real estate investments.

Mr. Alloway is the head of the firm of Alloway and Chapman, the leading private bankers of Winnipeg for thirty years past. Much of his money has been made in his regular business, supplemented by real estate investments.

Mr. Ashdown started a tinshop in Winnipeg in 1869, which has grown into a great hardware business.

Mr. Bawlf is the pioneer grain dealer of Western Canada.

Mr. Brown recently moved in from Portage la Prairie, where he had large general stores. He has been an extensive investor in farm lands.

Mr. Cameron is the leading lumberman of Western Canada.

Mr. Currie started as a Mounted Policeman, later entering the employ of the C.P.R. supply department, and finishing up as comptroller of the city of Winnipeg. He has been a large investor in city real estate.

Mr. Drewry established the first brewery in Winnipeg.

Mr. Enderton, since coming from Indiana in the early eighties, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the real estate business.

"It is not often," says the Telegram, "that a man of letters reaches the millionaire class, but the west has the distinction of having an author who, if he is not a millionaire, is said to be very near the magic mark. He is Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), whose books have had such a wonderful sale in Canada, United States and Great Britain. Mr. Gordon, also, is said to have been very successful in his real estate investments in Winnipeg."

Mr. Hutchings is head of the Great West Saddlery Co.

Mr. Mackenzie is the son of William Mackenzie of the C.N.R., and a very acute business man himself.

Sir Daniel McMillan got his start as a successful mill-owner.

Mr. McNichol was a successful life insurance agent, who invested heavily



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price and fine quality

in Winnipeg real estate when it was at its lowest ebb.

Mr. Macdonald is the head of the A. Macdonald Co., wholesale grocers, having branches throughout the West, one of the most important being that at Edmonton. "Largely as he was an investor in real estate in the early eighties of last century," says the Telegram, "the bulk of his wealth is almost entirely due to the legitimate profits of essentially commercial enterprise. Coming to Canada as a young man he entered upon his commercial career in the County of Huron, Ontario, but in the middle seventies came to Winnipeg. After acquiring a knowledge of the local situation he entered into business as a general merchant and by 1886 was recognized as one of the leading wholesale merchants in provisions and a

prominent contractor of such supplies to the Indian and North-West Mounted Police departments of the Dominion government in Western Canada. Through this connection and his knowledge of Western Canadian conditions, he became interested in mercantile establishments in the growing towns of the west. Quietly but at the same time aggressively he obtained a large business connection not only in Winnipeg but throughout the great northwest and laid the foundation of his fortune. With the growth of the country his wealth increased until he is now easily a millionaire."

Mr. Nanton is a member of the national firm of Osler, Hammond and Nanton.

Capt. Robinson found the basis of his fortune in the fisheries of Lake Winnipeg.



The Provision Dealer's Wife (getting ready to attend a local function): "Now, Mary Jane, tell me, how does it look?"

Mary Jane (a good girl, but tactless, and over-used to the sight of the master's stock): "Oh, Mum, you look beautiful—just like one of them lovely Christmas 'ams."

The Campbell Furniture Co.

Empire Block, Corner First St. and Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Every Piece of Furniture in our Store Carries The Campbell Furniture Co. Guarantee

Every piece of Furniture is new. Every old piece of Furniture has been sold out. Our reputation will not warrant our carrying old stock—therefore to buy here means you buy only what is new and of modern design.

SEE OUR WINDOWS

The Campbell Furniture Co.

Empire Block, Corner First St. and Jasper Ave., Edmonton

DOLLS



DOLLS

We have a splendid stock of Dressed Dolls and are selling them at low prices.

Dressed Dolls

Most are jointed, some have sleeping dolls, some have natural hair. Dainty Box with each.

15c. to \$15.00

The
K. W. MacKenzie
Co., Ltd.

283 Jasper E. Phone 1427



Printing and Developing for Amateurs

BEST RESULTS ASSURED

Mail us your films and write for price list

623 FIRST ST. EDMONTON

Hutton Upholstering & Carpet Cleaning Co.

A PRICE LIST

Brussels Tapestry and Ingrains taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard 8c
Moquette, Wiltons, Axminsters and Velvets taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard 10c
Carpets called for, cleaned and delivered 6c
Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our methods of cleaning carpets.

How about that Couch, Parlor Suite and Mattress which wants repair? Let us call and give you an estimate for repairing the same.

Furniture Repairing and Polishing
Cord Carpets and Window
Blinds our specialty

Cleaning Works: 619 Fifth St.

First Store North of Jasper Ave.
PHONE 1306 P. O. BOX 814

IMPERIAL

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON IMPROVED FARM LANDS

APPLY

C. D. RODGERS

Archibald Block - Edmonton

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Mrs. C. W. Cross has issued cards of invitation to a dance on Tuesday next.

Mrs. Wm. Short left on Tuesday to spend a week with Mrs. Jas. Short, of Calgary.

The inspection of the B. B. cadet Corps, to which "Westward Ho" Chap. I. O. D. F. was invited, has been postponed from Feb. 1st to Feb. 8th at 7.30 o'clock in All Saints schoolroom.

Madame Thibaudau is expected home this Saturday, after an extended visit to her old home in Montreal and other eastern cities.

Mrs. Sydney Woods, who had intended leaving for Winnipeg on a week ago Thursday, was prevented by the illness of her little son and only left on Thursday of this week.

Mr. Harry Evans is away for a two months' visit to the Old Country, much regretted by all the pretty girls and a distinct loss to the jolly little diners and evening whizzes in his own unobtrusive way he always shines.

Mr. Supple, too, manager of the Bank of Commerce in Strathcona, is leaving us, having received notification of his removal to Cranbrook. And whereas Mr. Evans' absence is but temporary, Mr. Supple's appointment is, I regret to say, a permanent one. Empty as the words are often written, "his going will leave a distinct blank" in his case they are sincerely true. Since coming first to Edmonton to join the local staff, and later as manager in Strathcona, Mr. Supple has made for himself a great many warm friends to whom his departure will mean a very real loss.

In golfing and curling circles especially, and among the bank's customers, his place will be hard to fill. One can only wish him all the good luck he deserves in his new field of labor, and many happy returns to town.

Cards of invitation have been issued by the Ladies' Curling Club for the first seasonal reception at Government House on February 10th, the night of the Opening.

Mrs. D. L. Scott had a charming little five o'clock on Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Ponton, of McLeod, who has recently come to Edmonton, and is en pension at "Updown Villa."

"The Man From Home" drew many smart and appreciative audiences on both nights of its production at the Edmonton Opera House, early in the week. People seemed to enter into the spirit of the delightful play in a manner they seldom do in Edmonton, and the honest, hearty laughs heard on all sides of the house, was ample testimony to the fact that we do appreciate a good "home" product.

On the first night I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, recently returned from Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Cobble, Mrs. Inglis and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick and Major Thibaudau, Mrs. John A. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Miss Seton Thompson and Miss Mackie and many others.

The result of the Ladies' mixed curling match on Thursday last:

Mrs. Dickins,
Mr. Hugh Campbell,
and Mrs. Morris (Skip)

versus

Mr. Kelly

Miss Strong,

Mr. Fraser,

and Mrs. Balmer Watt (Skip)

resulted in a victory for Mrs. Balmer Watt's rink 10-7.

Mrs. O'Kelly and Mrs. Slocock were the tea hostesses for the afternoon, when a large number dropped in to see the game and have a quiet chat, and the conclusion of play two pretty prizes were presented to the fortunate winners.

The Ladies' Points Competition started on Saturday morning, but will probably be put off this week on account of the men's hospital.

During the week, Mrs. James Lauer, one of the real old-timers of Edmonton, whose friends appear to be legion, passed peacefully away at her home on Eighth street. It will come as a new-comer, attempt any tribute that could hope to do justice to her many virtues. Charles



Geo. H. Graydon CHEMIST & DRUGGIST King Edward Pharmacy

PHONE 1411

260 JASPER EAST

GRAYDON'S SYRUP OF

Tar and Wild Cherry

A sure, safe and pleasant remedy for throat and lung affections.
The best cough cure for children.

OUR P.D.Q. GRIPPE TABLETS

will break up a cold in a day.

25c. per box

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

Notice to Steam Engineers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination by David Fraser Strathcona, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers, for the Province of Alberta, at Edmonton, Feb. 21st, Houston's Hall, Morinville, Feb. 23rd, Hotel, Stony Plain, Feb. 25th, Bismarck Hotel, Fort Saskatchewan, Feb. 28, Queen's Hotel, Strathcona, March 26th, Orange Hall, at 9 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application Forms may be obtained on application to the department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOOKS,
Deputy Minister.
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.

N-5 12 19. C 15 17 19.

"Canada Dry" Pale Ginger Ale

A Welcome Guest in any household. Order from your grocer or liquor dealer.

NOTE—The name McLaughlin on Carbonated beverages is equivalent to the "Hall-mark" on a piece of silver, each is a guarantee of quality.

J. J. McLAUGHLIN, Ltd.

Phone 1436

TORONTO,

EDMONTON,

Factory Bellamy St.

WINNIPEG

"THE TRUTH IS GOOD ENOUGH"

Through the Stock-Taking Sieve

As announced last week there are certain lines which are too "short" to make it worth while carrying over, and these will offer everyone very special opportunities for snapping a good bargain. There is an additional reason for offering these specials named below; they are in the ready-to-wear department, and, as you probably know already from reading our advertisements, there it is to be opened very soon on the second floor a thoroughly up-to-date salon for showing and fitting the choicest kinds of costumes, etc., that have ever been displayed in Edmonton. So we want no winter stock left and are prepared to let what we have go at "any old price." These are all the current season's goods.

"Ready-to-wear" below Cost

\$7.50 CLOTH COATS, WORTH UP TO \$16 FOR \$7.50

These are all late fall styles and in many cases bear the same features as the early spring goods. Black, navy and brown. Most are of the semi-fitting type and trimmed with stitched straps of self and silk soutache braid. Bust sizes from 32 to 42. See these in the window. Real snap at \$7.50

\$5.00 CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' COATS, WORTH UP TO \$10.00 FOR \$5.00

12 lonelies these, ranging in size from 8 to 16 years. Tailored in tweed and cheviot, some with inlaid velvet collar and half lined. Colors, mixed tweeds, taupe and red cheviots. An honest bargain at \$5.00

\$15.00. FUR TRIMMED COATS, WORTH \$23 AND \$27 FOR \$15.00

Just three which are outstaying their welcome, so we are adopting stringent measures to hasten their departure. Two are lined throughout with good quality venetian, have full furled collar and revers of Western Sable and Japanese Mink nicely trimmed, and the third is half lined with quilted mercerette, has collar and revers of Columbia Sable and is well trimmed on sleeves, across back and down side seams with ottoman silk. Two are navy and one brown. Worth none the less because the price is so much reduced.

\$7.95. SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$15 FOR \$7.95

Tailored in the best quality, all wool and voile, some plain, others in satin stripe and more in fancy check material. Most have pleats in various effects, the trimmings mostly taffeta, while a few have satin strapping. Black, brown and navy; 38 to 42. Going at \$7.95

\$1.50 ENGLISH SILK UNDERSKIRTS AT ONLY \$1.50

This is a full, well made skirt in fine quality English silk with deep flounce of 6 small frills and dust ruffle. Black only. Sizes 38 to 42. This value is truly exceptional and none should pass it lightly by \$1.50

W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.

263-267 JASPER AVENUE EAST

PHONE 1331

(Continued on Page Eight.)

DANCING CLASSES

Also private tuition for children and adults, either taught at home or at Miss Paget's studio, 544 Jasper West. Classes held on Mondays and Fridays. Phone 1478.



Short Days—Dark Mornings

Tendency to oversleep

There you have it in a nutshell, the reason why many people who arise with alacrity in summer time find an alarm clock necessary at this time of the year.

We keep none but the best and guarantee every clock a perfect timepiece.

G. F. WATCHER

Manufacturing Jeweler
Engraver, Watchmaker and
Optician
Glasses ground on premises
Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

Sacrifice Prices

Ladies' Separate Coats

The few we have remaining in these will be cleared out at exceptionally low prices.

Several of our new sample shadings for spring have arrived, and ladies requiring either

SUITS OR GOWNS

for early spring delivery

can have their appointments made now to save delay and disappointment when season opens.

The Forbes Taylor Co.
233 Jasper Ave. West

Great Sacrifice Sale of Millinery

Having received a late shipment of the latest millinery goods I have decided to put on a sale and all Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats must go at cost so as to clear all out by first of February. So now is your chance to get a stylish and up-to-date hat at cost price, and what would be a more suitable Christmas present than a man to bring his wife a pretty hat? And now is your time, and the place:

MISS M. LYONS

460 FRASER AVENUE

One block from Nanyang avenue car line.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE ONLY
DOUBLE TRACK
LINE

Between

CHICAGO AND EASTERN
CANADA

and the

DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
TO NEW YORK

via Niagara Falls

THROUGH COACHES AND
PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

AGENCY FOR COOK'S TOURS

Special Tours to the Mediterranean
Bermudas and West Indies

For Rates, Reservations, Time
Tables and full information, apply to

A. E. DUFF

General Agent P. & S. Dept.
260 Portage ave, Winnipeg, Man.

A CHANCE TO WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE

A Strictly Business Proposition Put Forth by the Daily Capital and Saturday News—Many Prizes of Great Value

The Daily Capital and Saturday News today inaugurates the greatest and most liberal prize contest ever offered in Western Canada. In the advertising pages of to-day's issue the proposition is given in detail, including the means by which the prizes may be obtained.

Never before has such an opportunity been offered in this city—an opportunity for ambitious people, both in Edmonton and Strathcona and surrounding country, to secure a large reward for little effort.

The Daily Capital and Saturday News is using this plan for permanent circulation, for adding new subscribers.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

For the Capital and the News it is a plain business proposition. It proposes to spend approximately \$1,750 in advertising itself and getting after new business. The growth of the Daily Capital has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the management. We wish, however, to further increase the circulation of the Capital, and this contest is only the first step of our efforts.

For the readers of the Daily Capital and Saturday News it is the opportunity of a lifetime. The contest will last only a few weeks. The smallest prize offered will repay anyone for their efforts, while the winners of the larger prizes will be handsomely rewarded.

The plan for awarding the prizes will be fair and impartial. It will offer to anyone who enters the contest actively an opportunity to win a valuable prize. There is no chance or luck in the contest. It will be a strictly competitive play, in which personal effort and perseverance will count for more than anything else. The assistance of your friends will be an aid, but staying qualities and energy will bring you out at the head of the list when the winners are announced.

The Prizes

The first grand prize is a \$600 Nord-

heimer Piano, purchased from George H. Suckling, and will be on exhibition in a few days. The name Nordheimer has ever been associated with the highest class and best productions, both in pianos and music merchandise generally. Outside of the grands, this is the most expensive upright piano manufactured by the Nordheimer Company. This alone should attract attention; it may be yours for a few weeks of effort in collecting subscriptions for the Daily Capital and Saturday News.

The second grand prize is another piano bearing the name of Nordheimer, the Boudoir, and retails for \$450.

Besides these valuable Grand Prizes, for which all candidates equally compete, there are very attractive district prizes for those who do not win a grand prize—Diamond Rings, Business Scholarships, Leather-seated Morris Chairs, Gold Watches. Every one of these prizes—seventeen in all—will be won by someone during the next few weeks. Any one of the prizes may be yours if you try to win them.

The Districts

The territory is divided into four districts to equalize competition. District No. 1 includes half of the city of Edmonton, and District No. 2 includes the other half, as described in the advertisement. District No. 3 includes the town of Strathcona, and District No. 4 includes all the territory outside of Edmonton and Strathcona.

You Can Start Now.

Now is the time to make nominations, at the beginning of the contest. A nomination blank will be found on another page. Cut it out, fill in your name or the name of some friend and send it or bring it to the Contest Department of the Capital and News. A representative will be glad to call and explain more fully in regard to the contest. A letter of inquiry will receive prompt attention.

WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY

STARLAND.

This theatre has firmly established itself as the most popular of its kind in town, and many of our best citizens are constantly seen there. Their appreciation of the great war picture "Briton and Boer" was shown by the hearty applause with which they greeted the different feats of the British Army. The picture took up to Kloppe, where "Crobie" entrapped a whole regiment, and would have annihilated them had not the Gordon Highlanders effected a gallant rescue. We then follow the fortunes of Crobie through a series of battles which lead up to that last fatal stand at Paardeburg, where he surrenders to Lord Roberts, our greatest of generals. This picture caused greater excitement than any ever shown in Edmonton and the house was packed the whole time it was running. Quite a different style of drama was a "Fair Exchange," being an adaptation of O. Elliott's famous work entitled "Silas Marner." The Biograph Co. have achieved a signal success in this production and deserve great credit for both the artistic staging and splendid acting. Silas Marner, a young man who has had one misfortune after another, turns into a soured miser. He is robbed of his possessions, but in return is given a little girl, the child of a deserted woman who was found dead by the wayside. The child in his innocence brings him back to his true self and he becomes as amiable as he had been surely. The violin solos given by Mr. Paine are a great attraction and all music-lovers should not fail to hear this old country artist. The theatre is run under the best management, so patrons are assured of both comfort and high-class amusement.

EMPIRE'S NEXT BILL.

A Calgary exchange has this to say of the coming bill at the Empire, commencing next Monday:

The Empire this week has an exceptionally good bill, nicely balanced and full of variety. We have seen lots of ventriloquists in our time, but nothing quite so good as the performance put on by J. W. Winton at the Empire last night. Winton is easily the very best ventriloquist that has visited Calgary. His voice manipulation at close range was clever, the chat was up-to-date, and, as the dummy remarks, "Isn't it natural?" In line with Win-



LEGISLATIVE AS-
SEMBLY OF THE
PROVINCE OF
ALBERTA

Extracts from the Rules Relating to Private Bills

52. All applications for Private Bills, properly the subject of legislation by the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, within the purview of "The British North America Act, 1867," whether for the erection of a bridge, the making of a railroad, tramway, turnpike road, telegraph, or telephone line, the construction or improvement of a harbor, canal, lock, dam, slide, or other like work; the granting of a right of ferry; the incorporation of any particular trade, or calling or of any joint stock company; or otherwise for granting to any individual or individuals, any exclusive or peculiar rights or privileges whatever, or for doing any matter or thing, which in its operation would affect the rights or property of other parties, or relate to any particular class of the community; or for making any amendment of a like nature to any former Act, shall require a notice, clearly and distinctly specifying the nature and object of the application, and when the application refers to any proposed work, indicating, generally the location of the work, and signed by or on behalf of the applicants, such notice to be published, during two months, between the close of the next preceding Session, and the time of the consideration of the petition, in four issues of The Alberta Gazette and of one other newspaper, published in English; and within two weeks from the first appearance of such notice in The Alberta Gazette, two copies of the said Bill, with a receipt from the Provincial Treasurer to the sum of One hundred dollars, if the said Bill does not exceed ten pages, and ten dollars additional for each page over that number, and for the purposes of this Rule 450 words shall be held to constitute a page, and also in the case of a bill incorporating a company, a receipt from the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies for such sum as would be payable by the applicant or applicants for the incorporation of a company, with a similar capitalization to the capitalization of the company sought to be incorporated by such bill, shall be placed by the applicant in the hands of the Clerk of the House, whose duty it shall be to get the said Bill printed forthwith. Copies of the newspapers containing the first and last insertion of such notice shall be sent by the parties inserting such notice to the Clerk of the House, to be filed amongst the records of the Committee on Standing Orders.

Table of Fees to be Paid to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies Under Rule 52. (See Cap. 20, 1901.)

For a Company whose nominal capital does not exceed \$10,000 . . . \$10
For a Company whose nominal capital exceeds \$10,000, the above fee of \$10 with the following additional fees regulated according to the amount of nominal capital, that is to say:

For every \$5,000 of nominal capital or part of \$5,000, after the first \$10,000 up to \$100,000 . . . \$5
For every \$5,000 of nominal capital or part of \$5,000, after the first \$100,000 up to \$500,000 . . . \$10
For every \$5,000 of nominal capital or part of \$5,000, after the first \$500,000 . . . \$15
J. R. COWELL,
Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.
Unauthorized insertions of this advertisement will not be paid for.

PHONE
2185

EMPIRE

MODERN
VAUDEVILLE

THREE NIGHTS STARTING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7th

FIVE BORSINIS TROUPE—Europe's most wonderful globe acrobats.
POETTINGER'S SWEDISH QUINTETTE—In national songs and dances.
J. W. WINTON—The celebrated English ventriloquist.
F. ARTUSA—Phenomenal German equilibrist.
TWO COLEMANS—Gold medal banjoists.
ALICE PINCKSTON In Pictured Melody.
EMPIRESCOPE Latest and Best in Motion Photography
EMPIRE ORCHESTRA, Director Thos. Irving . . . Popular Selections.

Matinees on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 3:00 p. m.

STARLAND

THE HOME OF BIOGRAPH

ALL OUR PROGRAMS

Where Merit is Marvellous

STARLAND ORCHESTRA

ILLUSTRATED SONG

MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 3 P. M.

No "Cussing" from 'Habby'

When he comes to put on a collar that has been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry. "THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver your laundry promptly.

Snow Flake Laundry

THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 Rice Street

Phone 1525

THE CITY GROCERY CO.

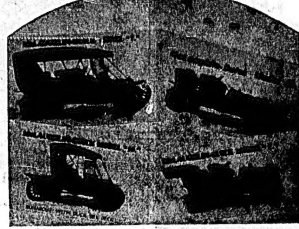
Corner of Eighth and Jasper. Phone 1813

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED FIRST QUALITY AT THIS STORE

Special for Cash on Saturday

DRIED FRUITS

Prunes, 90/100, 4 lbs. for	25c
" 40/60, 3 lbs. for	25c
Pears, 2 1/2 lbs. for	25c
Peaches, 2 1/2 lbs. for	25c
Apples, 2 lbs. for	35c
Raisins, 3 packages for	25c
New season's Navel Oranges, in splendid condition	
Regular 30c per dozen	25c
" 40c "	35c
Fresh Lemons, large size, per doz.	40c
Layer Figs, 2 lbs. for	25c
Cooking Figs, 4 lbs. for	25c
Special offer in canned Pears, new stock, 2 tins for	25c



McLAUGHLIN-BUICK Automobiles

The new 1910 Models have just arrived from the factory, and are now on exhibition at our warehouses. Demonstrations will be arranged upon request with intending purchasers.

The installation of machinery in our repair department is now completed, and we are prepared to do all sorts of repair and machine work. Inspection invited.

M. C. WATTS, EDMONTON GARAGE

Manager,

Phone 1343

124 Rice Street

The Bellamy Co.,

Proprietors,

Phone 1353

GREAT

\$1750 Prize Voting Contest

OF

The Contest
Is Open
To Everyone

The Edmonton Daily Capital

The Contest
Is Open
To Everyone

Saturday News & Alberta Homestead

**First
Grand Prize**

\$600 NORDHEIMER PIANO
Purchased from Geo. H. Suckling, "Harmony Hall."

The First Grand Prize of a 600.00 Nordheimer Piano will be awarded to the Candidate who secures the largest number of votes in the contest.

**Second
Grand Prize**

\$450 NORDHEIMER PIANO
Purchased from Geo. H. Suckling, "Harmony Hall."

The Second Grand Prize of a 450.00 Nordheimer Piano will be awarded to the candidate who secures the second largest number of votes in the contest.

HANDSOME DISTRICT PRIZES

The territory of the contest has been divided into four districts with prizes for each, giving everyone an opportunity to win. Winners of Grand Prizes are not eligible to win a district prize. No candidates will be allowed to win two prizes.

After the Grand Prizes have been awarded district prizes will be given as follows:

DISTRICT NOS. 1 & 2 WILL RECEIVE
One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$30 Morris Chair One \$20 Ladies Writing Desk

DISTRICT NO. 3 WILL RECEIVE
One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$20 Gold Watch

DISTRICT NO. 4 WILL RECEIVE
One \$75 Diamond Ring One \$60 Business Course
One \$30 Morris Chair One \$20 Gold Watch

DISTRICT NO. 1.

All the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Edmonton west of First Street.

DISTRICT NO. 2

All the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Edmonton, east of First Street.

DISTRICT NO. 3

All of the territory lying within the corporate limits of the City of Strathcona.

DISTRICT NO. 4

All of the territory outside of Edmonton and Strathcona, including Wetaskiwin, Lacombe, Red Deer, Innisfail, Camrose, Stettler, Fort Saskatchewan, Vegreville, Lloydminster, Tofield, Wainwright, Viking, St. Albert, Stony Plain, Vermilion and all other towns and villages in Alberta or adjoining provinces.

OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

The object of the contest is to secure NEW subscribers for the Daily Capital, Saturday News and Alberta Homestead. The Fourteen Valuable Prizes will be given to the candidates who secure the largest number of paid-in-advance subscriptions to the Daily Capital, Saturday News and Alberta Homestead. Votes, which decide the contest, will be issued on paid-in-advance subscriptions of various terms, as per schedule given below. Votes will be given on renewals, also on arrearage payments.

Nomination Blank

Good For 1,000 Votes
ONLY ONE BLANK ACCEPTED FOR ANY ONE CANDIDATE

I nominate _____

Address _____

District No. () as a candidate in **The Edmonton Daily Capital** Prize Voting Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

Cut out this blank, send it to **The Daily Capital** with your name, or the name and address of some friend. The names of people making nominations will not be divulged if so requested.

**The Contest
JUST STARTING**

Closes March 28, 1910

Price of THE DAILY CAPITAL, SATURDAY NEWS and ALBERTA HOMESTEAD, and votes given:

	By Carrier	By Mail	Votes
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Six Months	2 00	1 50	1,000
One Year	4 00	3 00	3,000
Two Years	8 00	6 00	9,000
SATURDAY NEWS, (Separate)			
Six Months	\$ 1 00	\$.75	350
One Year	2 00	1 50	1,000
Two Years	4 00	3 00	3,000
ALBERTA HOMESTEAD			
One Year		1 00	350
Two Years		2 00	1,000

*Including The Saturday News.

Address all communications to Contest Department, Daily Capital, Edmonton, Alta. Chas. E. Dyce, Contest Manager.

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ISLAM IN LONDON

The Holborn Restaurant is not obviously a place in which to find romance. But recently, at 11 in the morning, there was a scene there so strange, so full of Oriental mystery, says the London Daily Chronicle, a casual visitor must have rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he was dreaming of a chapter in "The Arabian Nights."

One visitor walking up the stairs of the great restaurant in the half-darkness of a gloomy day was startled by two bright black eyes staring at him, and the dark figure of a man in a white turban standing motionless on the stairway. It gave him a creepy feeling. And having passed this dark, silent figure of Oriental aspect, he entered a great gilded room, very dim and gloomy also, in which had assembled a hundred or more men of dark complexion and astonishing costumes.

There were men of many Eastern nations—Indians, Persians, Turks, Egyptians, and Africans. Many of them wore the red fez, others wore turbans of white cloth and gold thread. One man, tall, with aquiline features, and a fierce black moustache, had a high turban with a conical crown and an aigrette. He was a Pathan, of the wild hill-country warrior race who for a thousand years and more have given trouble to the rulers of India. Here and there was an Indian or an African in Western dress, strangely incongruous with soft Trilby hats and frock-coats, and carrying umbrellas of the Sairey Camp period.

In Stockinged Feet.

The casual visitor may have imagined that he had come to a secret meeting of Oriental conspirators. Those dark rolling eyes, those Eastern figures may have given him goose-flesh. But in a few minutes it was clear that these people had met not for conspiracy, but prayer.

They took off their boots, and in stocking feet went quietly into an outer large dim room where the floor was spread with white cloths—to be strictly accurate and unromantic, with white tablecloths used in the restaurant for more prosaic purposes. Then men who had come without turbans tied handkerchiefs round their heads, and all of them stood facing their Imam, or prayer-reader, who, in a white turban and a black silk coat, stood at the far end of the room.

Slowly and in solemn cadences, through the dimly-lighted room, there came the sound of low, soft words in a strange tongue. The Imam was reciting the prayers of Islam in Arabic. The prayer being finished, all the worshippers sat cross-legged like tailors on the white cloths, and presently, as the voice of the prayer-reader rose again, they rocked themselves to and fro, and then in a solemn moment of silence prostrated themselves, with their foreheads touching the floor. So they stayed for half a minute, and it seemed to a stranger standing at the door as though the ancient spirit of the East, the spirit of Oriental faith and mystery, had filled this room in a London restaurant.

They sat again, cross-legged, the Imam sitting facing them now in the same attitude. His voice began in a low, sweet chant, in which the words "Allahu Akbar" were repeated many times, and at each time all the men in turbans and fez caps and knotted handkerchiefs, put their hands to their ears, as though straining to hear the voice of God.

Listening for the Silence of God. And the stranger listening and watching at the door knew that the Imam was reciting the creed of the Mohammedans.

God is Great! God is Great!
There is no Deity but God!
And God is Great! God is Great!
And praise belongs to God!

Then he rose and stood before them and his voice now was louder, rising and falling in all the cadences of the Oriental scale, strange and weird, and plaintive and discordant to Western ears. Once again came the words "Allahu Akbar" repeated in awe, and rising to triumph, and chanted by all those who worshipped as they raised their hands to their ears, listening for the Silence of God.

At the end of this strange scene each man pressed his hands to his eyes, and drew them away with a gesture of awakening. Then they sprang up and each man held out his arms to the other, and gave the kiss of peace. It was indeed like an Arabian Night in a London restaurant. But in reality it was the Feast of the Sacrifice of Ishmael, and of thanksgiving for the yearly pilgrimage to Mecca, concluded recently. All over the world where the Mohammedans are gathered together the feast is celebrated in the same time, than any other possible candi-

words of Arabic, with the same gestures and used triumph, for God is great and Mohammed is his prophet. And yesterday, in the Holborn Restaurant, it was celebrated by the Islamic Society of London, of which the Imam or prayer-reader is Ahmad Abad Effendi of the Turkish Embassy. Among the worshippers for the first time in London were some of the "Young Turks" from Constantinople, and some American citizens, whose grandfather came from India, and who have kept the language and faith of Islam.

The Montreal Herald has this interesting theatrical note:

"The dramatic intensity of his assertion gripped the audience. Metaphorically they glued their eyes to the stage. 'Hal! I killed Jack Dalton. I struck him down in the moment of his greatest happiness, he, ha, ha, and the man with the haunted look in the playlet at Bennett's, Saturday night. Just then a crimson velvet turban with a jet cabochon and hand-plucked spray dropped on the lap of a demure maiden in Row E. She still watched the stage, and selecting the sharpest of her halps gripped the turban tightly. 'Yes,' went on the actor, 'I struck him.' The gentleman ahead reared six inches in his seat—the maiden had mistaken his shoulders for the back of the seat before him."

The Sixth Earl of Shannon

A London correspondent, discussing instances of titled Englishmen who get lost in outlying parts of the globe, says:

"When the fifth earl of Shannon died nearly eighteen months elapsed before his eldest son and successor could be found. He had come to the United States some five or six years previously, had worked at all sorts of trades, and undergone the most extraordinary experiences, and when finally run to earth was working as a cowboy on a ranch in New Mexico, where his name of Boyle did not suggest to his companions the idea that he was a missing earl. He experienced some little difficulty in settling down to ordinary commonplace life as a landlord and territorial at Castle Martyr, in County Cork, and through occasional lapses from grace won the nickname for himself in the district as the 'cowboy peer.'"

"His own case and that of James Burke Roche are among the comparatively rare instances where missing sons of the aristocracy have been found again. For Lord Abberdeen's older brother, who sailed from Boston before the mast, bound for South America, never was heard of again, and it is because he has been so long missing that the present viceroys of Ireland was summoned to the effluence of Lords in his place."

"James Burke Roche, son-in-law of Frank Work of New York, and father of Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden of that city, was more fortunate. Like Sir Arthur Curtis, he got lost in the Klondike while on the way from the Canadian Pacific railroad to the Klondike gold fields. His companions, after searching for him for several days, found a skeleton, which they rashly assumed to be his, bore it to the nearest town, interred it in the local cemetery, and set up a tombstone, on which a long list of virtues were attributed to him. Burke Roche, who happened along some months later, saw the tombstone, caused it to be photographed, and now carries about its picture in his pocket-book as a sort of testimonial to the excellence of his character."

The reference above to the Earl of Shannon, recalls early days in Alberta. There is a slight discrepancy here. The sixth Earl of Shannon, who is mentioned, at one time lived on a ranch at Pincher Creek with his brother Henry Boyle. The elder brother was then called Lord Boyle. He had been in the British army, if we remember right, in the Rifle Brigade, so when the rebellion broke out, he was given a commission in the Rocky Mountain Rangers, recruited at Macleod, and of which he was made captain. His brother, Henry was a subaltern, and had a good deal of pride of birth, and thought it devolved upon him to uphold the family name, hence he was not nearly so popular as his elder brother, who was very popular with all, a very quiet, easy-going sort, and a thoroughly good fellow with no side. Lord Boyle was at Medicine Hat most of the summer of 1885 with the troops, but also did a good deal of patrol work and returned to Macleod with the rangers in August when they were disbanded. Lord Boyle then returned to the ranch and was later elected as first member for South Alberta to the Northwest Assembly and sat at Regina as a member in that house. It was laughingly said at the time that he was elected because he was the only man at the south end of the province that could make a speech. However he was as well-fitted for the position, or perhaps better fitted at the time. Oratory was not promiscuous in

a cow country and political aspirants were scarce. After a time Boyle went prospecting in British Columbia, and disappeared from view, and on the death of his father, the fifth Earl of Shannon, in the middle of the '90s, he could not be found but he eventually turned up in Washington State and then went over to Ireland and took over the title and the estates. The newspapers all over the continent took great interest in the search and it was only by accident he was found.

Lord Boyle was well known all through Southern Alberta for some years, and many are the tales told of him. He was not a wild buccannier of the hair-raising sort, but liked a free, open life, and was very quiet in his manner and kindly and considerate to all. He had unlimited courage and liked to see the world for himself, and earned very little for his title or made absolutely no use of it. He would have been just as happy or perhaps happier had he been a commoner. When out camping in '85 he took his turn at everything and often got up and cooked breakfast for his party, though he was officer in command.

He married in Ireland and left one son, and thereby hangs another tale which will not be told now. He was a thorough-going sportsman and rode good horses, and up to the day of his death had a kennel of good dogs. No doubt he found Ireland rather a small place to live in on his terms, and finally, or putting on aside, was about the hardest thing for him to try to accomplish, but he was no fool, nor was there any soft streak in his make up. As to how much he valued a title it may be some indication that he hurt himself with Bush Columbia, and did not even keep in touch with the outer world for quite a time.

In the Hereafter the man encountered a slender group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter and some seal, all shivering, though the climate to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs!" they exclaimed civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh. "So was I!" quoth he, and joined them; and thereafter they wandered on together.

HE IS THANKFUL HE HEARD OF THEM

THAT'S WHAT ANTOINE COTTENOIRE SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

They Cured His Diabetes After the Doctors Had Failed to Give Him Relief—What Dodd's Kidney Pills Do and Why.

St. Pie de Guire, Yamaska, Co., Que., Jan. 31.—(Special).—That there is one sure cure for deadly Diabetes, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills is proved once more in the case of Mr. Antoine Cottenoire, a well known resident of this place.

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See Page Six For Our Big Prize Contest

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HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page six.)

One of the pleasant functions which broke the monotony of last week was a tea given by the Misses Webster in honor of Miss Matheson, Winnipeg, and Miss Hardy of Lethbridge.

As the guests arrived the fine commensal house looked very inviting with its many twinkling lights, lovely floral decorations and cosy sitting-out corners.

Receiving with the hostesses, who were very prettily frocked, Miss Edith in a soft pongee silk with smart touches of black satin and faint suggestions of green, and Miss Ethel in most becoming corn-flower blue, with heavy cream lace garniture, were the guests of honor, Miss Matheson was wearing a charming little frock of

greyish-blue embroidered crepe de chine, with a jaunty little black Napoleon-shaped hat that became their wonderfully, and Miss Hardy was looking stunning in a handsome gown of pale blue Liberty satin with a picture hat in black and white, with sweeping plumes.

In the delightfully cosy tea-room were all sorts of tempting dainties, displayed on a table set with a filmy drawn-work Japanese cloth, pink-shaded candles and a great bowl of pink carnations, fern, and Japanese lilies.

Here Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie presided, while Mrs. Hislop served the ices, and Miss Addie Belcher, Miss Florence Forin, Miss Irene Harbottle and Miss Florence Moss assisted.

Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Percy Hardie, Mrs. Short, Miss Fife, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Barford and Mrs. Fraser.

If I have refrained from attempting to write up "Twelfth Night," must—I simply must—have space to rave over those exquisite songs of Mr. Barford's, the loveliest things I have heard in years. A week after they are singing themselves into my heart, even more insistently than they did the first time I heard them. We must have them in permanent form. Oh, this modest, modest mag, what are we going to do with him at all at all? Singing these little songs all to himself, keeping them in his heart while we are strumming "rags" for want of something better.

"Why, very envy and the tongue of loss,

Cry fame and honour on him." I would like to see Mr. Barford's instrumental selections and his songs compiled—then he should see if a prophet is not honored even in his own country.

I notice that Mrs. Harwood and her two little children are back in town.

Mrs. Cautley will receive on Tuesday and not after during Lent.

The Regina Spectator says of a former well-known young Edmonton man:

"H. C. Tolchard, employed with the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, has been transferred to Toronto and left here on Friday. Mr. Tolchard will be greatly missed by the boys, having been president of the Jolly Bachelors' Club, and, as such, worked hard to make the dances given by the club a success."

The marriage of Miss Almee Haycock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Haycock, Ottawa, to Mr. Tom Davies, son of Sir Louis and Lady Davies, and brother of Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Edmonton, took place on Tuesday of last week. The bridesmaids and ushers were the Misses Haycock, McGee, Davies, E. Jones (Boston), Bate, and Grouard; and Messrs. Edwards, McGee, O. Haycock, O'Connor, Critchley, Hutchison, Soper.

The engagement is announced in Ottawa of Miss Dorothy Fletcher, youngest daughter of the late Dr. James Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher, granddaughter of Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, to Mr. Richard Stewart Lake, M.P., of Grenfell, Saskatchewan, son of the late Colonel P. G. B. Lake, of Winmarleigh Grange, Grenfell, and brother of Major-General Sir Percy Lake.

At the marriage of Miss Evelyn Powell to Mr. Victor Patton in Grace Church, Ottawa, on February 8, the bride will be attended by Miss Gladys Parry of Toronto, as maid of honor, and Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Eva Lessard, Miss Elsie Patton, of Winnipeg, Miss Kathleen Ross, and Miss North McKel as bridesmaids. The best man will be Mr. C. F. Howard, of Montreal, and the ushers Dr. Fred Powell, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. Archie

Gray, Mr. Carleton Monk and Mr. Maurice Maynard.

The Misses Nichols and Crawford will receive on Friday evening of this week in their new home, Suite 21, "The Arlington."

Mrs. Richards of Calgary, a very lady-like person, who has won many prizes for this accomplishment, is the guest of Mrs. Bouchier and Mrs. O'Kelly. She will open the carnival on Friday evening.

PEGGY.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

satisfaction of a British people as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Patriotism, eh? Guess it's about time that there was an investigation of his department. The two horns of the dilemma presented to the desirable man are labelled, "More pay with public approval," and "Patriotism under suspicion." Is it to be wondered at that the former horn looks the kinder of the two? While public opinion continues to be what it is about the only thing that our best public servants can do is to follow Mr. Butler's example and accept more lucrative positions when offered.—Canadian Courier.

One of the reasons out west why men leave the public service and prefer to start into something else for themselves, or something for some one else, is that the service is often monotonous. When in the government service especially of a subordinate, a man is never a free agent, and, at 50 or 60 years of age, he may have no more control over his own goings and comings than when he was a boy at school, in fact, not so much so. He is under constant supervision, and slight errors, that in ordinary life can be corrected with a stroke of the pen, take weeks sometimes to rectify. The red tape knocks a lot out, while others revel in it.

Of course most men in the west can do better outside the government employ than they can in it and they enjoy more liberty. Vacations for a good many public servants in the west, especially if in the Dominion service, are unknown. The pay in our post office service especially, is inadequate so post office employees do not stay longer than they can help. Post masters do not find it easy to get help.

There is also an uncertainty about government service as promotion goes too much by political influence, so that very few officers in many cases know they have no influence outside their own immediate neighborhood and may stay there for all time, at a fixed small salary, while other employees in larger places, under the eyes of the big wigs, are moved over them.

The civil service needs better organization, better pay and more security for promotion according to merit to attract and keep all the best men. In some of the British services some young men, scarcely out of their teens start off in life with a higher salary than we pay our Deputy Ministers. The pay of a young man in the Indian Civil Service is equal to what our provincial Cabinet Ministers enjoy and rises, and the pension at 45 to 50 years of age is \$5,000 a year for life. It is the same in the United States, the pay of public servants is too small for the quality of the men and the service rendered.

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